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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE HYMN OF LIFE

Lord of all life, the near, the far;
From the low glow-worm to the star;
Within Thy works Thyself we see,
And with all angels worship Thee.

In age-abiding rocks that bear
An elder scripture written there;
In the red hearth-glow and the flame
Of countless suns, we read Thy name.

The crystal and the daisy glow
From heav'nly types that angels know,
And ev'ry weed and common clod
Is crowded with the thoughts of God.

O heavenly Teacher! Saviour dear!
Is thought so far, to love so near!
Though lost in Thy immensity,
Our hearts have found a Home in Thee.

—*Mary A. Lathbury.*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Have You Counted Your Blessings?—*Moses Folsom* 387
Notes 387
Power is in the Word 388
The Church and the Social Problem 389
The Forest Greeting—*Paul Laurence Dunbar* 390

THE PULPIT—
The People and Social Justice—Edwin A. Rumball 390
Wings—*Charlton Laurence Edholm* 392

THE STUDY TABLE—
Book Notices—Frederick Starr 393
Baby Animals in the Circus 394
Hymn to the Sun—*Edmond Rostand* 394
The Grass World—*Mary Mapes Dodge* 394
Selections from the Sermons of Dr. Hiram W. Thomas 395

THE FIELD—
Notes from Our Libraries—M. E. H. 396
Tower Hill Notes—E. H. W. 396

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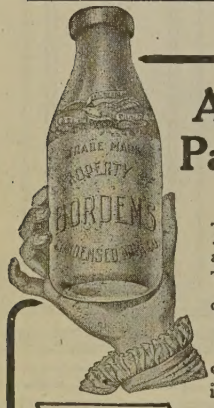

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXV. THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1910. NUMBER 25.

HAVE YOU COUNTED YOUR BLESSINGS?

Can you see?
Can you walk?
Then you are favored above many.
Can you hear?
Can you talk?
Again you are favored above others.
Can you feel?
Can you taste?
This makes six blessings. Have you ever counted them before?
Have you a friend?
Are you a friend?
Stevenson says a man is indispensable as long as he has a friend.
Have you an occupation?
Are you spending less than you earn?
Then you are among the fortunate of earth.
Have you a home?
Are you making yourself useful in the world?
Then indeed you ought to be happy and blessed.

—*Moses Folsom.*

At last the nations have agreed to co-operate in the making of a new world-map. When this achievement of the scholar is perfected, perhaps the secretaries of war will be sufficiently educated not to blur the lines or confuse the boundaries. Let the naughty children keep their hands off of so pretty a picture.

It is announced that a decree is expected which will abolish that article of the Spanish constitution forbidding non-Catholics from worshiping publicly in Spain. It is also expected that this movement toward religious toleration will meet with the opposition of Rome, but Rome must and will yield to the spirit of the age, which is also the spirit of its Christ.

One of the tricks of the manufacturers who try to evade the righteous demands of the Pure Food Law is exposed in a press notice from the Department at Washington under date of July 30. It calls attention to the manufacture of "edible oil" in Pittsburgh, from which the Government had withdrawn the right of inspection, "on account of the failure of the company to comply with the legislation of the Secretary of Agriculture." There is now evidence that the company continues to ship under the Interstate Commerce Law the same product for the same purposes, by branding the same "Inedible," but seeking to meet the edible demand just the same. The confessed rascal who expects to hide his rascality behind a mask of confession is all the more a rascal.

The *London Punch* has a spirited cartoon reproduced in the American *Review of Reviews*, which represents General Botha driving a dashing Roman quadriga consisting of four splendid horses running abreast, bearing the names of Transvaal, Orange River, Cape Colony and Natal. It is not long since the gallant Dutchman surrendered in humiliation and disappointment to the British conquerors. Now he holds the reins and snaps the whip over the team that is made up of the conquered and the conquerors, and the last humiliation is removed since a special commission has recommended that both Dutch and English be taught in the public schools on equal footing. The younger children of Dutch parentage are to be taught in the primary grades in the mother tongue, the higher studies to be pursued according to the election of the parents; and Premier Botha lives in the palace of Cecil Rhodes at Cape Town. *"To Victis!* Hail to the Conquered!"

We are glad to print the following comment taken from Bulletin No. 34, issued by the Biological Survey at Washington, concerning the relation of the birds of California to the fruit industry. Over seventy species of birds had been carefully analyzed. The following is the verdict:

A reasonable way of viewing the relation of birds to the farmer is to consider them as servants, employed to destroy weeds and insects, for whom sufficient food and needed protection are generously provided. In the long run, no part of the capital invested in the farm or orchard is more certain to pay big interest than the small sum collected as toll by the birds that harbor near the premises. Deductions from the extensive investigations undertaken in response to numerous complaints concerning depredations by birds in orchards and vineyards on the Pacific coast, show that the food habits of the seventy species whose stomach contents were under examination indicate that but four species common in California can be regarded as of doubtful utility. These are the linnet, California jay, stellar jay, and redbreasted sapsucker. Therefore, when all the known methods of protecting fruit have been exhausted, or can not be profitably employed, a reasonable reduction of the numbers of these offending birds is permissible; but the more the food habits of birds are studied the more evident is the fact that with a normal distribution of species and a fair supply of natural food, the damage to agricultural products by birds is small as compared with the benefit.

The closer the neighbors the more provocation for dispute and irritating differences. If Canada and the United States can settle all their quarrels without the help of arms, it ought to be positive argument that more remote peoples could obviate all war dangers in

the same way. The *Review of Reviews* in an editorial note gives the cheering information that all the disputes with Canada are being settled amicably, and that an International Joint Commission to investigate and report at the request of either country on any question arising between the United States and Canada on their common frontier and an International Railway Commission, composed of Americans and Canadians, to co-operate in the regulation of railroad rates, are soon to be created. This is much cheaper than calling out an army and far more comfortable than military scouting. Let other nations abandon the politics of the bully on the play ground, who goes about with a doubled fist and a pocket full of pebbles, and follow this wise example of Canada and the United States.

Dr. Flexner's report on the condition of the medical schools of the United States, which has caused such consternation, goes farther than an exposition of the present inadequacy, or something worse, of many of the would-be medical colleges, and in his report offers a plan for reconstruction, which is given wide publicity in the August *Review of Reviews* under the title "Fewer and Better Doctors." He would abolish four-fifths of the present 155 schools of medicine in the United States, elevating the remaining thirty-one into university relationship and dignity. This drastic suggestion will commend itself at once to all disinterested scholars and physicians. What is good science concerning "medics" would be still better science concerning "clerics." Where is there a Flexner to look into the strength and weaknesses of the theological school of America, and to recommend a way of improving the quality by reducing the quantity? In the Utopia of Thomas More there were few priests, but they were men of eminent piety and of marked ability, few churches, but they were well attended. In this, as in so many other cases, Thomas More was simply ahead of his day. His hour has not yet come, but it is coming.

The question of the legitimacy of bleaching flour with nitrogen peroxide has been carried to the United States Court of Appeals and, pending this decision, the Government will insist on enforcing the verdict of the lower courts, and any shipment of "bleached" flour made in inter-state commerce will be regarded as criminal, the office of the Solicitor of the United States Department of Agriculture having promulgated this decision in a circular. This quarrel seems, to the uninitiated, a very useless one. We do not understand that any manufacturer of "bleached" flour claims for such flour any advantage except a possible esthetic one. It is purely a competitive card that they propose to play. It is not claimed that this questionable process adds either to the nutritive or gustatory advantage. The bread made from such flour is not more nourishing, and it tastes no better. It simply looks better, and it would be difficult to find an adequate basis for the assumption that "bleached" bread looks better than brown bread to the unvitiated taste, but an artistic taste that does not run parallel with safety, nutrition, and common sense is not so clearly artistic as it might seem. The case of "bleached flour" is a typical one. Lots of the worries, the contentions, the miseries of life, are as unrelated to the economies, utilities and good sense of life as is the bleached flour problem. Questions of fashion, both in dress and in theology, in hats and in churches, are oftentimes no more fundamental or profound than the question of "bleached flour." What's the use of wasting time, treasure and nerve over the right of using the questionable nitrogen peroxide either in the millinery or the ecclesiastical world?

Power Is in the Word

The article in the *Review of Reviews* for August on "How Poland is Faring," is both heart-breaking and heart-encouraging. It lacks but five years of being a century since brave Poland, then rich in ripe scholarship, full of aggressive life, proud of standing in the foremost ranks of European intelligence and liberty, was carved like a Christmas turkey, and the parts distributed among Russia, Prussia and Austria. The first two countries, both Russia and Prussia, are still busy trying to defeat the mothers, as they nearly a hundred years ago caused the fathers to capitulate on the field of battle, but they find it easier to capture land than to kill a language, although the mother tongue is banned, and it is high crime, at least in Russia, for school children to speak Polish to one another; still the tongue is unconquerable.

The lot of Austrian Poland is very different. There the language is fostered, its scholars are increasing, the attendance at the primary schools is growing rapidly, and the universities contain 6,500 more Polish students than they contained in the day of their humiliation. All this is instructive. After all, geographical boundaries, even political domination or commercial ascendency, count but little in the wealth of nations or the destinies of the people.

What is true of Polish Austria is more interestingly true of the little principality of Wales, which lost its political existence some six centuries ago. There, too, the conquerors waged their war against the mothers, but have long since given up, and this little people, without wealth, and with no barrier between them and

England much of the way except an arbitrary line marked by the surveyor, have kept their family pride, their place in the scholastic world, often rising to a domination over their political conquerors in the counsel chambers of the British nation, of which they are an insignificant part. All this through the power of the mothers, who have taught their children to sing and shout, *"Oes y byd yr iaith gwmreag!"* age of the world to the Welsh language. The Poles can get along without a king, can endure the heel of the tyrant on their necks, can survive police atrocities and commercial burdens, as long as they can preserve their mother tongue. Theirs is the spirit that welcomed Socinus, that harbored Copernicus, that caused the Polish Brotherhood, the earliest Unitarians of Europe, to flourish for a hundred years. This spirit is leading Polish patriots today in Austria and in America. Truly Ruskin was right when he said, "The true wealth of a nation is represented by its full breathed, bright eyed, and happy hearted human creatures."

The Church and the Social Problem Again

And now a Committee of the Presbyterian General Assembly calls for an authoritative declaration from the church of its attitude toward social problems. This will be a difficult job, but it will give the theological workers a rest. Rev. W. W. Peck, a Unitarian minister of Winchenden, Mass., has recently resigned his pastorate, accepting a clerical position in a banking house, in order that he may be more free to work for social and civic betterment. We have in mind at least two other ministers, gifted, earnest, devout, who have recently taken similar action, and we hear of a venerable Unitarian brother, who has a long record of eminent service in the pulpit and through the press, laying off his pulpit obligations, that he may have more time to write on sociological subjects. Mr. Peck, as reported in the *Christian Register,* August 4, says:

> Under the best circumstances, a minister who tries to make his church active for good in political, civic, and social fields is given no support by his congregation. Under more unfavorable conditions he is materially hampered, sometimes even bitterly opposed. My own case comes under the former description. I was a member of one of the more liberal denominations, and I was left free to deal in the pulpit with whatever subjects I thought best to discuss. Except for a few expressed differences of opinion, I was not interfered with; and I think I had the approval, so far as it went, of my congregation. But when I tried to make the church an active factor as the social and ethical center that I believe it should be I found I was lifting the load alone.
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> * * *
>
> There are other ministers who have tried to do the same thing I attempted, who had far more unpleasant experiences. I want to say that my relations with my church were pleasant and friendly up to the day I left. It is true that what is respectfully called the "moneyed interests" are usually faithful churchgoers. They help to make up a church congregation, here in New England especially, with its old tradition of respectability and vested interests, which regard it as great a sin, or greater, for a man to preach, not socialism, but what they call socialism, as it is to loot a bank.
>
> * * *
>
> The church has been too long a religion of consolation to hurt souls, instead of a source of inspiration to well, strong, vigorous people. Consequently a minister, no matter how actively he may wish to employ himself in bettering the community, is tied down by pottering duties. That is another reason for my resignation from the ministry.
>
> The message from the church must be changed, if the church is to survive, from a message of another world to one of this world. The old distinctions between "sacred" and "secular" must be done away with. I hope that the present church will die a natural death, with the gradual death of its old adherents, and that the church of the future will give from its pulpit a spiritual interpretation of the life of the present time, with present conditions, and inspire men to live out their present lives in the highest way.
>
> * * *
>
> The time will come when people will learn to sink theological differences. They will drop disputing about the early theology of Saint Paul, on which the present churches are founded, and through which the church has lost hold of vital things. I am sick of seeing one thousand people trying to support three or four miserable little churches in a community just large enough to maintain one church as it should be. It is disgusting, the bitter sectarian animosity of Lilliputian dimensions, which keeps the churches separate. As a result, most of the country churches are dying, or being supported by home missionary societies, and the people who are contributing to these societies do so because they have a desire to do something charitable, don't know how to do it, and have a notion that the home missionary societies do much good. Personally, I question the advantage of keeping alive dying organizations. What is needed is to cut away the useless excrescences, and, if need be, cut to the bone.
>
> I am convinced from personal experience and observation that people are just as eager as ever to get spiritual help from the churches, if the churches will provide it. The popularity of churches run on the new lines which I have suggested proves this. What the church should aim for is to be not so much a relief corps to look after the helpless, as a militant line of battle in the fight against all sorts of evils. As secretary of the Unitarian Fellowship Society for Social Justice, I am convinced that the present temper of the churches is unfriendly to ministers dedicated to the proposition that the task of securing social justice is the foremost obligation resting on the churches.

Every earnest minister must have profound sympathy with Mr. Peck in these utterances, but the present writer belongs to a class of ministers, a class which he believes is rapidly growing, who are still persuaded that it is possible to change the complacency of the church goer into the energy of the church worker, and that the Church itself can be lifted into sociological efficiency, carrying with it an inspiration and a consecration in these directions exceeding the noblest achievements of the Church that was the guardian of what it deemed theological truths and the director of souls toward the Heavenly kingdom beyond the skies. The pulpit is confronted with a tremendous task when it undertakes to transfer the work of religion from celestial to terrestrial fields, but the pulpit is also backed by tremendous inspirations, and the ministers who are still determined to hold the fort in the interests of a mundane piety and are laboring to redeem this world from greed and graft, may well study the past and take note of the present, and exclaim with the Prince of Missionaries, Paul,

> Wherefore, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us.

In this assurance and inspiration which Brother Peck shares to the fullest extent, we can but believe he has

not withdrawn from the ministry, and we hope that he has abandoned the pulpit for the present only that he may find a more efficient altar over which to preside. We quote words that should be read with great seriousness and prayerful concern by thousands of complacent pew holders and reluctant church subscribers, who pay their money to perpetuate an attitude and an atmosphere in the church that has proved to them mephitic. They want a church,—and Heaven knows they need a church,—but the spirit has gotten so flat-chested that it is afraid of drafts and suspicious of ventilation.

Ella F. Young, Superintendent of Public Schools in Chicago, has come to the conclusion that all the patent systems of ventilation that seek to keep the air vital in school houses with closed doors and windows are inadequate, and has ordered that at least at certain stated periods in each day all the doors and windows of the buildings be thrown wide open, so that the free air of Heaven may blow through, even though it be burdened with Chicago soot and dust. This is better than the left-over air that has been devitalized by too much use. What is good for public schools is good for churches. Emerson says, "The laws above are twin-sisters of the laws below." The best way of oxygenizing spiritual lungs is hinted at in this brilliant discovery of Mrs. Young's. It is strange that the learnéd male superintendents should not have anticipated this womanly common sense. Let the ministers and deacons take heart and try the lifted windows and the wide-open door process awhile.

THE FOREST GREETING

Good hunting!—aye, good hunting,
Wherever the forests call;
But ever a heart beats hot with fear,
And what of the birds that fall?

Good hunting!—aye, good hunting,
Wherever the North winds blow;
But what of the stag that calls for his mate?
And what of the wounded doe?

Good hunting!—aye, good hunting,
And ah! we are bold and strong,
But our triumph-call through the forest hall
Is a brother's funeral song.

For we are brothers ever,
Panther and bird and bear,
Man and the weakest that fears his face,
Born to the nest or lair.

Yes, brothers, and who shall judge us?
Hunters and game are we;
But who gave the right for me to smite?
Who boasts when he smiteth me?

Good hunting!—aye, good hunting,
And dim is the forest track;
But the sportsman Death comes striding on;
Brothers, the way is black.

—*Paul Laurence Dunbar.*

Chide me not, laborious band,
For the idle flowers I brought;
Every aster in my hand
Goes home laden with a thought.

—*Emerson.*

THE PULPIT

The People and Social Justice

III. WHO ARE THE PEOPLE THAT ARE FOR AND AGAINST SOCIAL JUSTICE?

By Edwin A. Rumball

As soon as a man is possessed with an idea which he dreams to have great value for mankind, his proclamation will almost always divide men. It matters little how peaceably he may utter his word, nor how full of harmony and brotherly love be his message, mankind will view it in two ways, some will be for and some will be against. The lesson has been taught so frequently in history that every such prophet, whether he be of Galilee or elsewhere, is justified in announcing, "I come not to bring peace, but a sword, I come to set parents against children and children against parents, so that a man's foes shall be those of his own household." The word of every true shepherd is continually separating the sheep from the goats. All that has happened in the past in connection with the progress of other causes is taking place again today in regard to the gospel of social justice. Its message is one of life and peace for millions, but for some it comes like a sword and a robber, but there can be no true social justice till its warfare be accomplished. The work, however, of separating the sheep from the goats needs to be very wisely done. Too many false divisions have been made in the world, and we may well be over careful. The mass of men are too content with such easy mechanical distinctions as rich and poor, labor and capital, conservative and liberal. It requires very little thought to call the poor the sheep and the rich the goats. It is lazy work placing every mechanic and unskilled laborer on the side of social justice, and every capitalist in the ranks of the unjust. It saves so much thought, inquiry and observation to have the dollar or the lack of the dollar settle the distinctions of social justice. Some quarters of the earth are badly in need of a moral campaign with the evangel that the values of such terms as justice and money are such that they must never be confused. The poor are just as selfish as the rich, and economical superiority is never a proof of moral superiority. The only kind of distinction that social justice can own, is a moral distinction. Other distinctions may follow from this, but the primary separation must be moral and, as everyone will admit, it is the severest. It knows no class, nation, condition or age. This is the only thing that will make labor and capital *permanently* clasp hands, the only power that will lead the poor and rich to kneel together. That we make moral distinctions the base of our division forbids that we should use the easy distinctions that involve groups of men and women. Wholesale blame and wholesale praise are both repugnant to social justice. For instance, if we were asked whether government were on the side of social justice or against it, it would be impossible to give a satisfactory reply. Whether we think of Russia or America, we have to admit that, as we know it today, government is founded on force, and that no modern organized society represents that true democracy of God which we believe to be the home of social justice. Under all our modern governments, the social order is marred by such in-

justices as violence, corruption and prostitution. It is said that it stands as the guardian of law and order, but we cannot say that every cry for law and order is a cry for social justice. In practice, law and order is often legal anarchy. Many a cry for law and order in Russia is a cry for the old law and the nobility's notion of order. And in America our record is too often smirched by the illegalities that money makes legal, for any boast to escape us. The use of the third degree and the brutality of a policeman's club has turned many of our so-called officers of peace into violent anarchists within the protection of the law. On the other hand, the wildest enthusiast for social justice, unless he were a consistent anarchist, would not try to abolish government as a menace to the fulfillment of his ideal. Social justice might find tyranny more desirable than lawlessness. In any case, the point is that all group distinctions bring injustice to the members. With a basis of social morality we cannot assert absolutely that every monarchist is against our ideal any more than we can declare that every socialist is for it.

But to notice definite types of men and women who are against social justice, let us refer first to those who scorn in a spirit of social atheism all justice that comes socially. They are often found declaring a conventional belief in democracy, but as soon as democracy really believes in itself and begins to express its faith in action, they are found among its foes. These are the people who declare that we already have too much democracy. Belonging to this same distrusting and suspicious type is the man who is ever imputing evil motives to the actions of those who are most faithfully serving their fellows. Such a one does more to perpetuate social injustice by his quiet, insinuating influence, than the most open oppressor. When Folk, as circuit attorney of St. Louis, began his indictments of wrong in that city, the people and leaders began to inquire, "What does he want? What is his price?" That is the great social crime. Lead the people to doubt the integrity of their leaders and you do far more social harm than if you brought against them the worst of charges. There is nothing that blights and kills like it. It is the greatest crime of our conscienceless press, whose controlled news columns form probably the chief menace to our free institutions.

The same diabolical distrust is heard in that common remark thrown at every reformer by rich and poor, by Republican, Democrat, and Socialist, namely, "You are paid to do that!" To speak of human effort in these terms is one of the scourges and curses of modern society. If a lawyer takes up a cause for righteousness, or a health-officer makes it uncomfortable for neglectful landlords, or a minister pours out his heart in the declaration of the ideal, this vile serpent appears and tries to discount all with his "He is paid for it!"

Allied to this type of social injustice is another man who values all in the terms of money. He will use the same phrase with another application, using it to numb his nature's protest against unfairness. To illustrate, next time you put coal on your furnace and you think of the miner who went into the earth to obtain it for you, do not dismiss the picture of the injustices he suffers by saying, "Well, he was paid for it!" Can you pay a man for renouncing sun and fresh air and almost burying himself alive? He is *not* paid for it, and never will be until we are awake to the obligations of social justice due to him. The harrowing story of the Cherry Mine, with its criminal owners, makes every pay envelope in a miner's hand a mockery. No amount of money can take the place of justice. Money may fill the pocket, but never the aching heart. This entire worship of Mammon covers a wide variety of themes, and it is without doubt the chief foe of social justice. All who have read "Truth," Zola's last work, will remember how difficult Marc Froment found it to obtain social justice when the love of lesser things was pitted against him. Though the life of an innocent Jew depended on their witness, they preferred to keep silent in the interests of their families and positions. Zola's comment is to the point for modern America as well as for modern France. "What an awful bankruptcy there would be if some day those folk were needed for some work of truth and justice!" Men *are* being called for truth and justice. The thousand wrongs of man cry out for hiding emancipators to break the silence. Religion is today facing a tremendous task, a task never before equalled in its history, it is to make the ledger as holy as the Bible and to remember the seventh day—pay day—to keep it holy. Earlier religious problems affected the pulpit most, this affects the pew. We need never again fear to make known our theological heresies. We can be atheists, and the best people in town will not shun us. But if we give the least evidence of being dead against the mad rush for gain, or that we deem its accumulation the result of some social injustice, we may prepare for martyrdom. We cannot serve God and Mammon. Righteousness *must* be first, bread and butter *must* be second; if our ways are ruled otherwise, we are fast becoming morally bankrupt.

But I pass on to notice those who stand on the side of social justice. Of course we could speak of a large number of people who are known as progressive in their manner of life, but we shall do well to pass by those whom every one will remember, and confine ourselves to some who are often forgotten. We mention, first, a type which many would have included with those who stand against social justice, namely, that large number of people who are trying to do good, but who move so slowly that they seem to be doing harm, the good who are ever the enemies of the best. In the old slavery days, large numbers of good men and women saw no necessity for abolition, and even tried to defend the old order on religious grounds. With these individuals it is easy for radicals to lose patience, easy to declare that the man who sees no harm in slavery, and yet is religious, is a hypocrite. And it may sometimes be true. The man who sees no harm in injustice because his personal interests have blinded him is certainly on the side of that injustice. But if we dealt with the hearts of these people, in most instances we should find that patience was due to them. Mankind is not a world of ready-made individuals, with fixed ideas and completed philosophies of life. Most of us, even the oldest of us, are only men in the making. The test, therefore, that we should bring to divide the sheep of justice from the goats of injustice, should recognize that those who are growing towards the right, even if their growth is very slow, belong to the same army of righteousness as those at the forefront of the line of march. He that is not against us is for us; there is no neutral ground. If you believe the present system of industry and social life is right, and you are earnestly toiling to cleanse it of any wrong,

and seeking the preservation of all its good, then you stand for social justice. The point is, that there is room for the most conservative men and women in the ranks of social justice. Then again, not only may the conservative be on the side of social justice, but also the much abused dreamer and visionary. Just and unjust condemn him, but it would be a God-forsaken world without him. Many a laboring man struggling for economic freedom and the industrial welfare of the masses foolishly decries the poet. What right has any man to be a poet, singing that God is in heaven and all well in the world, when everything is wrong? Why should any man be counted a social asset who wastes his time writing of song birds and the greenwood tree when hunger is stalking through the land? We have all heard this kind of condemnation, and the demand that the poet be made to earn his living and produce something useful, but, as we have said, life would not be worth living without his spirit in our midst. The man who looks beyond the facts is as valuable a social asset as the man who fixes his gaze on those facts, indeed, I think, a greater asset. Addison wrote once that Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" left the strongest impression on his mind "that this miserable world, for once at least, contained a happy man."

So true is this, that if we were asked the comparative social values of this play of Shakespeare's, and, say, Ibsen's "Pillars of Society," truthful as this last is in its analysis, we should decide in favor of Shakespeare, because it goes beyond the facts. But the poor man is not the only despiser of poetry, the rich man in his turn is often found doing the same thankless work. He may enjoy his Shakespeare and Browning, but will be all intolerance for the poetry of Bellamy or Wells. He will declare that it is a shame that society permits such men to write such books, which only makes the working classes discontented with their lot, and so on. Now, the dreamers are all on God's side, whether their names be Browning or Bellamy. The economical justification of these men is an ethical and spiritual one; without their vision the people perish. It is too late in the day to condemn the dreams of the Socialists; the people who are not Socialists hunger for a dream of some kind more than anything else. Until Republican and Democrat are fired by visions, so that their young men dream dreams, until the enthusiasm of democracy, full and consistent, captures all our souls, we can hope for no good thing out of the old parties.

The last man whom we choose to mention on the side of social justice is the religious man, the church man. He also is condemned by just and unjust alike. There are Socialist pharisees who are so self-righteous that they universally condemn the church. Discrimination seems foreign to their nature. Having found that a little surging of feeling like religious emotion can be aroused by the "Communist Manifesto," they trample the reverence and worship of bigger hearts and saner minds under foot. But enthusiasts for social justice should learn that, deplorable as is the degeneracy of ecclesiasticism and clericalism, they only menace the progress of social evolution by antagonizing the religious souls of our communities. It does not require a Charles Booth to tell us how small is the influence of the modern church—the stagnant conventionalism of most of them is too evident—but any one of ordinary observation should know that the organized religiousness of our communities is more and more on the side of social justice. This does not appear by sermons on economics, but by a deeper desire to *practice* old-fashioned religion seven days a week. The church is yet the center to which good men and women turn for an instrument of civic righteousness. And none know better than those in the churches the failures of the church, and none are more bitter in their criticism. Every old institution has suffered corruption by the increased opportunities for the selfishness of men, but it is safe to say that the church has suffered least. But whatever is the truth on this point, one of the most hopeful factors engaged in the warfare for social justice today is the presence of organized religion. If religion takes up this cause, social justice is inevitable, for with religion is God, yes, even all of the spiritual forces of humanity.

This God is our God for ever and ever.

"In the years that have been I have bound man closer to man
And closer woman to woman;
And the stranger hath seen in the stranger his brother at last,
And a sister in eyes that were strange.
In the years that shall be I will bind me nation to nation
And shore unto shore," saith our God.
"Lo, I am the Burster of bonds and the Breaker of barriers,
I am He that shall free," saith the Lord.
"For the lingering battle, the contest of ages is ending.
Victory followeth Me."

WINGS

The hand of man, emerging from the mist
Of primal ages, was a hairy fist,
All blood-bedabbled; for the hand had killed
Before it learned to sow and reap and build.
So each new tool was but a weapon, fit
To add new terrors to the blow of it;
The first rude axe was formed for bloody deed,
Split skulls before it served the builder's need.
And thus through ages runs the tale; by worst
Of uses is the new-found tool accurst,
Yet we believe what prophet's words record,
That into plowshares men shall beat the sword.

For centuries we stood upon the edge
Of space and yearned, while sparrows from the hedge
Took flight and taunted us. "That I had wings!"
'Mid stormy music, thus the Psalmist sings,
"Then would I fly away and be at rest."
And lo, the wings are ours, a gift, the best
The genius of our race has forged; a tool
Fit for our eager age. What says the fool,
The War-brute? "This is mine, for brawls and strife,
As hawk-wings are the hawk's—for taking life!"

Well, claim them, War-god! Use them till the race
Will kill for you no more. What narrow space
Holds man today apart from brother man,
A range of rock, a river or a span
Of channel; and our wings shall overleap
These dwarfish landmarks. Then what king shall keep
His folk from merging with humanity
As waters intermingle in the sea?

Sail forth, winged Argonauts of trackless air,
And as upon your homeward course you fare
Bring heav'nly treasure. Neither gold nor steel,
Nor gross and earthly wealth weight your light keel;
Man's Brotherhood, bring that as Golden Fleece
On sun-blest wings, bright harbingers of peace.

—*Charlton Lawrence Edholm, in Popular Mechanics.*

Knowledge is a comfortable and necessary retreat and shelter for us in an advanced age, and if we do not plant it while young, it will give us no shade when we grow old.—*Lord Chesterfield.*

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Notices

An addition to Peace Literature is the *American Addresses at the Second Hague Peace Conference.** It forms a volume in Edward Ginn's "International Library," which is under the editorial direction of Edwin D. Mead. Those who wish to know more of this International Library and of the International School of Peace, in connection with which it appears, may secure printed information at 29 Beacon St., Boston. The character of the book before us is indicated by its title. The Introduction includes an interesting note upon the nature of the discussions and addresses at the Conference and the text of three addresses given in America by our delegates, in which they outline the work of the Conference. The general note running through these addresses is apologetic. They are, in fact, arguments in defense of the Conference as a Peace Conference. The fact is that both of the Hague meetings have done far more to define and control *war*, than to establish *peace*. In his own demonstration of the claim of the last Conference to be called a Peace Conference, Mr. Scott sums up its actual peace measures. The body of the book is made up of the addresses actually delivered at the Hague by the American delegates. These addresses, sixteen in number, deal with Immunity from Capture of Private Unoffending Property of the Enemy upon the High Seas, The Limitation of Force in the Collection of Contractual Debts, International Arbitration, The International Court of Prize, The Proposed Court of Arbitral Justice. In an Appendix are presented the texts of various documents necessary for the understanding of the Addresses. To your reviewer it appears that our delegates have, on the whole, done credit to themselves and to our nation. We appear to be somewhat sanguine and impetuous, but vigorous and healthy. The actual achievement of the Conference must not, however, be over-estimated. The acceptance of the Drago Doctrine (relative to the employment of force in the collection of contractual debt) and the establishment of the International Court of Prize are real gains; so is the protection of property upon the high seas. Let us take all possible satisfaction for them. The enunciation of the principle of compulsory arbitration is an academic achievement, which may prove barren of result; the much-heralded establishment of the Court of Arbitral Justice amounts to naught without judges, and it is unlikely that forty-six nations will reach a method of appointment of judges through diplomatic procedure when their delegates to the Conference were unable to do so after weeks of personal effort; and, to an untutored outsider, the peculiar attitude toward the question of a Third Conference suggests danger. Who will call the Third Conference? Russia and the United States seem skilfully eliminated from that role; if either does, the dove of peace will be at a disadvantage from the beginning. Will Germany do it? Or Holland? Holland may do it properly. The Third Conference is the test of this whole movement. It *may* be that the Conference idea is now established and that a series of these august gatherings is to occur at somewhat regular intervals, but there is some probability that three times will spell out.

From time to time we have noticed the volumes sent out by the Central Committee on the United Study of Missions. The books have done much for stimulating the work of the various Women's Foreign Missionary Societies. The new volume, *Western Women in Eastern Lands,*** is the tenth of the series, a fact which gives cause for a general review of the field, the work, and the study. The series has met phenomenal success; one volume has appeared each year and sales during the decade have amounted to 600,000 copies. The books are simple, direct, vigorous; their aim is to stimulate study; their use makes interesting and intelligent meetings. Your reviewer is not a supporter of foreign missions, either in practice or theory, but if foreign missions are desirable, such books as these are well in place and can only call for approval. So far as "Woman's Work for Woman" is concerned, it is the strongest, most easily defended, and—in the long run—best paying phase of foreign missionary effort. Helen Barrett Montgomery tells her marvelous story most interestingly. She gives the history, the methods, and the results. A striking chapter is *The New Woman in the Orient*, who appears no more out of place there than here; no greater menace in Mohammedanism than in Christianity. The book is a strong appeal from a woman to women. Were we inclined to criticize, we might laugh good naturedly here and there in the course of the treatment, but the little quips and conceits will do no harm and will produce their intended effect in the women's meeting, where a man has no business anyway. When she comes to illumination of statistics the author is amusing. "In our own country we have one Protestant church-member to every four in the entire population, men, women, and children. This means a Protestant constituency of at least 65,000,000." Perhaps that statement has some meaning, but if it has, the non-Protestant constituency would seem to be 195,000,000. Where are they? However, this is hypercriticism with reference to a book so impetuously earnest. The book is well illustrated—that is, abundantly illustrated with striking pictures—and contains an interesting table of facts and statistics.

*The Old Egyptian Faith**** consists of six lectures delivered by Naville at the *College de France* in 1905. Intended for a non-specialist audience, they are simple and clear in their form of presentation. The translation is fairly good and the little book can be heartily recommended to any one who desires to gain an idea of the beliefs of the old Egyptians. Naville does not speak of *the religion* of these people; they had no definite and consistently developed *system*. But beliefs and practices, gods and priests, charms and sacrifices, these they had in abundance. Out of the mass of material a few striking topics are selected for treat-

*American Addresses at the Second Hague Peace Conference delivered by Joseph H. Choate, General Horace Porter, James Brown Scott. Edited and annotated by James Brown Scott. Boston and London, 1910, Ginn and Company. 8v. pp. xlviii 217.

**Western Women in Eastern Lands. Helen Barrett Montgomery. New York, 1910, The Macmillan Company. 16v, pp. xiv, 286. $0.50.

***The Old Egyptian Faith. Edouard Naville. (Translated by Colin Campbell.) New York, 1909, G. P. Putnam's Sons. Crown Theological Library XXX. 16v, pp. xx, 321.

****Porfirio Diaz: President of Mexico; the Masterbuilder of a Great Commonwealth. Jose F. Godoy. New York, 1910, G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16v, pp. xii, 253.

ment. The first lecture aims to give present views of scholars upon the origin of the ancient Egyptians, and of their culture; the second takes up the whole subject of mortuary practices; in the third a general outline of the religious ideas of the period of Heliopolis is given; the Book of the Dead is next described and analyzed; the matters of anthropomorphism and the relation between gods and men are then discussed; lastly, the king (the living divinity), and the worshipping priest are considered and the ritual described. The book is illustrated with plates from the photographs of the translator.

There are many books relative to President Diaz, but a really good one is not yet. Señor Godoy is the Mexican Charge d' Affaires at Washington, and knows Mexico. His book is not a biography of Porfirio Diaz**** in any true sense of the word. The life of the great President is far too sketchy to have value, and at many places, where "the ice is thin," there is evident avoidance of facts. The book has two features of marked excellence. It gives, in convenient form, a summary statement of actual achievement in governmental and material advancement during the whole period of Diaz' administration, presented term by term. And it contains many pictures, some new, which give an excellent idea of the Mexico of today. The book is weakened for use and impaired in price value by being one-third given up to letters of "Opinions of Prominent Men." These are divided between opinions of Diaz and opinions of Godoy's book. Two or three of the expressions have interest, but the bulk of the seventy pages devoted to them (beginning with Adee and ending with Wyman) is good space thrown away, which should have been used for the development of neglected points. Thus, one of the most important of the great works of Porfirio Diaz, and one which he himself never tires of emphasizing, is the development of the public school system, to which Godoy gives bare mention.

FREDERICK STARR.

University of Chicago.

Baby Animals in the Circus

The circus babies are always in great danger of being spoiled. They are the pets not only of circus performers and menagerie keepers, but also of the thousands of sight-seers who visit the animal cages before the main performances begin. Few people realize how rare these baby animals are. It is almost impossible to rear them after they are born. This accounts for the few that are seen in the circus menagerie. The keepers are forced to keep a sharp outlook for kind-hearted circus-goers, who have an insatiable passion for feeding the circus babies anything, from pink lemonade to peanuts and popcorn.

The circus pets are given as much care as the ordinary child in his nursery. The preparation of their food is a science known only to the animal keepers. The circus doctors watch the moods of the little circus dwellers much as the family physician watches the children in the nursery. As long as they remain playful and mischievous, the doctors say it is safe to presume that the baby animals are in good health. It is only when they show signs of sluggishness that the doctors begin to suspect that some one has slipped in the popcorn and peanuts undetected. In the circus nursery it is well to remember that the sign, "Do not feed the animals," is of the utmost importance, and any one who has any love for the tiny creatures will keep the peanuts and candy for the big grandfather elephants.—*Leslie's Weekly.*

FROM EDMOND ROSTAND'S CHANTECLER

Hymn to the Sun

Translated by Margaret Franklin

Thou who dost kiss away the dew that lies
  Like hidden tears on each small grassy blade,
Who with ethereal colors canst disguise
Into a host of golden butterflies
  The almond blossoms fluttering as they fade;

O gracious sun, to whom each darling flower
  Doth owe the ripened honey of its cup,
Who find'st the way to every peasant's bower,
Dividing in a trillion parts the dower
  That still in one great sphere is treasured up!

Accept me for thy priest, and I will sing
  How on a Monday thou dost not disdain
To paint the soapy bubbles glistening,
And oft at eve thy last farewell dost fling
  Against some humble cottage window-pane.

My golden brother on the clock-tower shines
  Through thee; to thee the sunflower turns her head,
And thou dost weave such delicate designs
When glancing through the lindens or the pines
  That on the lawn one hardly dares to tread.

Thou mak'st enamel of the kitchen ware,
  And banners of the rags hung out to dry;
The hay-ricks through thy grace have golden hair,
And all the bee-hives in the garden wear
  Upon their caps a gold one can not buy.

Glory to thee, O Sun, upon the lawn,
  On portal and on meadow and on vine,
In eye of lizard and on wing of swan!—
O thou who hast with magic pencil drawn
  Each fine detail and every sweeping line!

Beside each shining object thou dost throw
  A somber sister stretching on before;
The image traced by thee doth ofttimes grow
So delicate and strange we hardly know
  If shadow or if substance please us more.

To deck the air with roses, make us see
  Flames in the springs, in every bush a Lar,
To apotheosize a gnarled tree,—
Is thine, O Sun, without whose alchemy
  Things would indeed be only what they are!

—From the New York Evening Post.

THE GRASS WORLD

Oh, life is rife in the heart of the year,
When midsummer's suns sail high!
And under the shadows of spike and spear,
In the depth of the daisy-sky,
There's a life unknown to the careless glance,
And under the stillness an airy prance,
And slender, jointed things astir,
And gossamer wings in a sunny whirr,—
And a world of work and dance.

Softly in its throbbing, the conscious green
Demurely answers the breeze;
While down in its tangle, in riotous sheen,
The hoppers are bending their knees;
And only a beetle or lumbering ant,
As he pushes the feathery spray aslant,
Or the sudden dip of a foraging bird,
With its vibrant trail of the clover stirred,
Discovers the secret haunt.

Ah! the grass world dies in the autumn days,
When, studded with sheaf and stack,
The fields lie browning in sullen haze,
And creak in the farmer's track.
Hushed is the tumult the daisies knew,
The hidden sport of the supple crew;
And lonely and dazed in the glare of the day
The stiff-kneed hoppers refuse to play
In the stubble that mocks the blue,
For all things feel that the time is drear
When life runs low in the heart of the year.

—Mary Mapes Dodge.

Selections From the Sermons of Dr. Hiram W. Thomas

The rational in time is calling to the rational of the eternities and from the awful depths, from atom and star comes back the answer that all is in accordance with the laws of the rational, that the universe is the objectivized reason of the Infinite.

Our age has to think and work and pray its way through the problems of a higher civilization. The trouble is not with individuality, not with conditions that make possible and invite the evils from which we suffer. There is something wrong which makes possible such vast accumulations of wealth and power in the hands of the few. The millions must have access to the sources of wealth and should share in the returns of toil. "The earth is the Lord's;" man did not make it. The few should not own it, and more and more as our wonderful age goes forward people will come into their own.

Live for the things that are above where the risen Christ is enthroned, not sitting literally at the right hand, but exalted in the glory of the True and the Good, enthroned in the hearts and lives of those who toil and suffer and die that others may live and that Truth and Justice and Love may triumph.

Young men and women, to you the time-spirit has brought all the richest results of the long-toiling and suffering centuries. Open your minds to truth and your hearts to love. Be true to yourselves, true to the calls of duty. Let God come into your lives as a holy presence to guide and keep you in all your ways; and then in a great confidence go forth to lift higher the ideals of home and country, to make diviner the life of the religion of the justice of love, and brighten the hopes that lift the way to the world unseen.

Sometimes life on its mind side, its spirit side, has seemed to die and to lie in the grave not only for three days but for many, many years. The culture of the Greek mind lay in the tomb for more than a thousand years, but it was re-born. The order of the old world disappeared in the dark ages, but it was born again with the incoming of the medieval and subsequent time. This is the process of life reclothing itself in the higher forms of a higher world. This is the continual resurrection.

O wonderful is the life of a soul journeying through the years of time to the eternities beyond. We should hear the voices of nature, of earth and sky, hear the calls from the depths above to the depths of being within, calls to duty, to love and life, voices from the forever to the forever.

The people are asking not for the statements of the old dogmatic theology, but for a great church and religion of humanity, a church and religion of civil liberty, of social justice, of the rights of reason and conscience, a church and religion of love to man and God.

Of all realities religion is the greatest. It deals with self and the Infinite, with the Now and Forever.

Reason may perceive and define the relations and laws of parent and child, citizen and state, but beyond this is the higher sense of obligation, of duty, the moral sense of right, the imperative of conscience that always says: Do what you think is right. And with all this come the feelings, emotions of kindness, friendship, love. Without the affections life would be cold, joyless. The law and life of love open up to man a great, new world; a world of the duties and joys of felt relationships, the love of home and country, of man and God. This is life; life eternal.

When earth calls, heaven answers. At the call of liberty came forth Cromwell, Washington, LaFayette, Lincoln. Religion called and Savonarola and Luther and Wesley heard the cry. Behind the thin veils of time are the powers of the eternal. The hand that holds the stars is forever with the right. To toil with the true and good is to stand with God. Prayer is the cry of earth to the infinite heart of love.

Citizenship for Women

The "tip" has gone out from the rich men of the East, such as Carnegie, Rockefeller and others, who are also the "wise men of the East" viewing the rising star of the "mother of Mankind" that the time has come for the other one-half of the community to be counted voters in the city housekeeping, that men alone cannot keep house in neat and cleanly fashion, domestic, or political either, that the women must help the men to economize (New York City's debt is now nearly one thousand millions), that society will be safer with naturally conservative woman a voter, a check against the grosser forms of socialism also. We are "socialists" now in some ways, taxation for public school education for example, which the great English philosopher "Herbert Spencer" said was all wrong, that parents should have natural affection sufficient to pay for their children's education in private schools—there is usually plenty of affection, but the cash is sometimes lacking. Under a republican government all must be educated who take part in it, a fire department general taxation principle, safety for all, paid for by all. And now the next "social" step, in schools, is the noonday lunch for small children, just as essential as the textbook, for that child's tiny, delicate, stomach-connected brain. I have not heard, but still I must believe, that "Herbert Spencer" recanted on the public school question after his visit to New York, shortly before dying. Forty years ago I bought his book, "Social Statics," but his dictum, "We Are Governed Too Much," is out of date now, stranded high and very dry on a lee shore.

With her nearly one thousand million dollar debt, New York City's only hope against financial "swampivation" is the women, and the women mean the death of "Tammany" methods. Clean streets of course the women will see to, but financial cleanliness must take precedence, "financial salvation."

Among the literary and society people who are working in the woman's cause are Mrs. Clarence Mackay, Mrs. Philip Lydig, Miss Louise Scott, Prof. John Dewey, of Columbia College; Col. George B. Harvey, editor North American and Harper's Weekly; Rabbi Wise, William M. Ivins, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Rollo Ogden, editor of the Evening Post; Mrs. Bourke Cockran and Miss Dorothy Whitney.

And they will win! —HENRY M. WILLIAMS.

—From the *Fort Wayne Journal Gazette.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

NOTES FROM OUR LIBRARIES

It was considered rather a good joke a few years ago when a UNITY reader who is also an enthusiastic member of the Public Library staff in a neighboring city, exclaimed, on learning the identity of M. E. H., "Well, we had wondered who it was that could write almost as well on library matters as on the religious situation in Europe!" In the light of this encouragement, the Foreign Notes editor is occasionally tempted to frankly glean the material for her UNITY column from local sources and give it a professional flavor.

Chicago is rapidly becoming a great library center, though unquestionably many of its citizens are not yet aware of the fact. There may still be found in cultivated circles those who do not know that two of our large libraries (the Public Library and the Newberry) have changed heads and come under new management within a year, nor that the headquarters of the American Library Association are permanently established on the upper floor of the Chicago Public Library building, with Mr. Chalmers Hadley, formerly of the Indiana Library Commission, as secretary in charge. Not unheard of either is the admission on the part of intelligent residents of Chicago that they have never been to the John Crerar Library. This of course would be more astonishing were the John Crerar Library housed, as the Public and the Newberry are, in a notable building of its own. On the whole, therefore, it seems not amiss to call attention now and then, even in a bookish way, to the existence of these institutions.

Among recent acquisitions at the John Crerar Library, one of some interest, perhaps, in connection with the Knights Templar conclave, is "Signs and Symbols of Primordial Man," a handsome volume of five hundred pages, beautifully illustrated, by an English author, Albert Churchward. Though written by a Mason for Masons, the author expects, and with reason, that the material he has so laboriously collected from all parts of the globe and carefully elaborated, will be of interest also to the general reader. Any one, for instance, who is curious as to the origin of that now so popular emblem of good fortune, the Swastika, will find here a wealth of information and illustration, while the history of the cross, with which that of the Swastika is connected, will be likely to offer some surprises to one who has never regarded it from any but the ecclesiastical, Christian standpoint. The author's world-wide researches have led him to conclusions that will hardly pass unchallenged in all circles, however strong and well-marshaled his evidence.

Of interest to Browning lovers, no less than to students of metaphysics and the occult, must be another recent Crerar acquisition, namely, two large quarto volumes containing an English translation of all the "Hermetical and Alchemical Writings of Paracelsus." Amid much that must seem incomprehensibly grotesque or absurd to the ordinary reader occur passages of rare beauty and suggestiveness for the spiritually minded, and what nature-lover of today could read unmoved an utterance like this?

"Consider, I beseech you, the tiny grain of seed, black or brown in color, out of which grows a great tree, producing such wonderful greenness in its leaves, such variegated colors in its flowers, and flavors in its fruits of such infinite variety; see this repeated by Nature in all of her products, and you will find her so marvelous, so rich in her mysteries that you will have enough to last you all your life in the book of nature without referring to paper books. If God, then, shows himself to our discernment in Nature so powerful and so wise, how much more glorious will he not reveal himself by his Holy Spirit to our mind if we only seek him? This is the way of safety which leads from below to above. This is to walk in the ways of the Lord, to be occupied in admiring his works, and to carry out his will, so far as is in us, or as it should and can be in us. This has been my Accademia, not Athens, Paris, or Toulouse. After I read many deceitful books of wise men, I betook myself to this alone, from which I learnt all that I write, which also I know to be true. Still, I confess, there are many more things which I do not know, but which will surge up to the surface in God's own time. There is nothing so occult which shall not be revealed when the Almighty wills it so to be.

"This, however, I know, that after me will come a disciple of this school, one who does not yet live, but who will disclose many things."

These words were written before the middle of the sixteenth century, for Paracelsus died in 1541.

M. E. H.

TOWER HILL NOTES

—Since July 26, the date of our last Tower Hill chronicles, the studies in Religion have followed, with Fox and Wesley in the orthodox line of succession, the founders of Liberal Christianity, from Servetus down to Theodore Parker, the "Scientific Enlargement," brought about by Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Lyell, Darwin and their fellows, the "Enlargement by Skepticism," contributed by the great skeptics, Voltaire, Thomas Paine and Thomas Huxley, the "Enlargement by Literature," brought about by such as Wordsworth, who blazed the way for Emerson by teaching the sacredness of common things, and Whittier, the great hymn-writer, comforter and consoler, the study of comparative Religion inaugurated by such fearless investigators as Sir William Jones, Anquetil du Perron, Champollion and Max Muller, who brought to life the dead Bibles of the East, the "Humanitarian Enlargement," supported by John Howard and Dorothea Dix, and the "Socialistic Enlargement" promulgated by Ruskin, Tolstoi, and Henry George. We found that the bugaboo words, "Atheist," "Infidel," "Agnostic" and "Skeptic" have been disarmed of their terrors by the logic of history. There is no Atheist since Copernicus revealed the infinity of space, Lyell the infinity of time, and Newton the infinite order.

—In our studies in literature we have listened to readings from the poets of California, the poets of the South, and the poets of the Middle West. The first and last of these classifications are difficult to define, since travel is now so common and the population of our country so cosmopolitan, but the literature of the South, with its war poetry and negro dialect, still bears its distinctive character and carries its own charm.

—Two evenings were given to Mr. Robert Joiner, the wizard of story-telling art, who charmed old and young together with his tales of Indians, hermits, exiles, and life and death in the northern pineries.

—On July 31, the twenty-ninth annual Grove meeting was held in the Emerson Pavilion, the general subject being "The New Politics, or Tendency in Civic Development." Addresses were made, morning and afternoon, from which we would gladly quote, if space permitted, by Chester Lloyd Jones of the University of Wisconsin, Charles L. Pearce of the University of Illinois, Thomas Lloyd Jones, Principal of the Madison High School, Miss Charity Dye of Indianapolis, and the Senior Editor of UNITY. The addresses were clear and earnest, and each kept well in mind the motto of the meeting, "Not Politics in Religion but Religion in Politics." Between ses-

sions the visitors from the country round about spread their picnic dinner under the trees.

—Sunday, August 7, was marked by services of song and prayer held at the Hillside Chapel for the christening of four little ones, all of whom bear names sacred in the history of Hillside Valley, giving singular significance and promise to the tender christening words of the Minister, "And may this name through you become very blessed to many."

—The evening before the departure of Miss Charity Dye, whose work in composition during two weeks of the Summer School was found so helpful and inspiring, was given to a madcap frolic where young and old together donned cap and bells and gave themselves up to the guidance of the "Master of Misrule." Edwin Arnold's precept, "Tune me the zither neither low nor high" was being obeyed according to the law of averages. For extremes meet and sense must at times find its counterpart in nonsense, even in the Summer School on Tower Hill. E. H. W.

Tower Hill, Wisconsin, August 9, 1910.

SANITATION IN ANCIENT RELIGIONS.

Many of the precepts of ancient religious codes are hygienic in intent. That the Mosaic code offers many examples of this is well known to all. An English scholar has recently unearthed some extremely up-to-date sanitary rules from the Vedas, and observes that if they were enforced today, the plague in India would be rooted out. Says *The Hospital* (London, July 9):

"The sacred books of most religions contain many excellent sanitary precepts which, while based merely on an intelligent observation of Nature, are often startingly accurate in their effectiveness, as the following article will show. *The Journal of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene* points out that, so far from being contrary to the religion of any considerable section of the population of India, rat-killing is actually enjoined in their sacred books. According to Hindu ideas, the Vedas stand on even higher authority than is claimed by Christians for their Bible, as they are said not to be merely inspired but to have existed prior to the beginning of time. The following is a translation from Book VI., verse 50, of the Atharva-Veda:

"'Destroy the rat, the mole, the boring beetle; cut off their heads, O asvins.

"'Bind fast their mouths; let them not eat our barley; so guard ye twain our growing corn from danger.

"'Hearken to me, lord of the female borer, lord of the female grub! Ye rough-toothed vermin.

"'Whate'er ye be, dwelling in woods, and piercing, we crush and mangle all those piercing insects.'"

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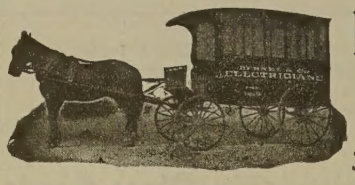

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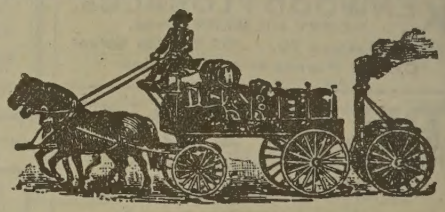

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